

Like summer's death throes London's arms around me  
The world ends in West End sirens screaming unseen  
The river frozen and the lions asleep  
Up on the Westway watching people as sheep

It's a long way away from it all  
In my corner I sometimes feel nothing at all  
It's the best way when the snow starts to fall

Confetti falling down the drains of your dreams  
Life in the fast lane never quite what it seems  
You're full-on baby with your full-on beams

On an expressway through the heart of it all  
In my corner I can walk cannot crawl  
It's the best way when the snow starts to fall

Like summer's death throes London armed surrounds me  
I'm up EC1 rusted fountains drown me  
This frozen river and these lions that breathe  
On an expressway  
Is this the best way

Like summer's death throes London's arms around me  
I'm up the West End shooting what I can see  
The river frozen and the lions asleep